



RED STAR EDITION

THE GATENIK

VOL. XLI, No. 12.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1951

FOUR PAGES

Glorious Revolution Concluded

Stalin Sends New Weapons

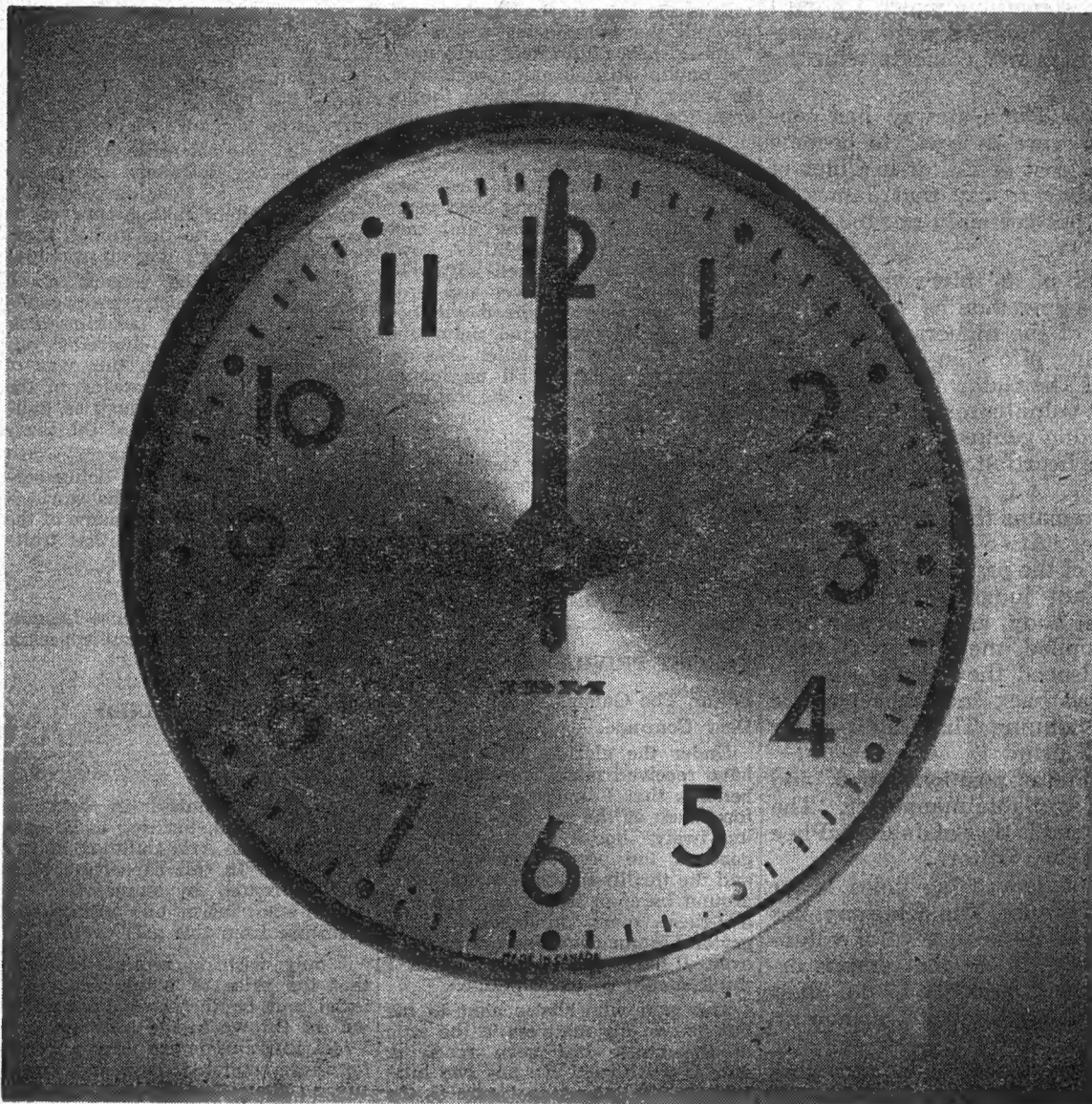
In a special news interview to The Gatenik (Red Star Edition) Josef Vissarionovich Stalin, Comrade Stalin, Great leader Stalin, dear and beloved Stalin, great Stalin, great leader of the entire Mankind, great chief of all workers, protagonist of our victories, great fighter for peace, Stalin the genius, Stalin the Hope of Fighters for Peace, Faithful Fighter for the Cause of Peace, announced that through the efforts of the Young University Students of the Soviet of Albertnika weapons for the fight for peace have arrived at the Hall of Physical Culture.

Among these are weapons to be used for the Fight for Peace which will soon begin when we defend ourselves at Times Square against the wolves of Wall Street.

Awards

Straight from the horse's mouth The Gatenik has it that General-Commander Mike O'Vitchobyne of the loyal Albertain secret police has purged our wonderful democracy of the last of the hated capitalist swine who enslaved the loyal workers of the new order with a paltry \$400,000 interest-free loan.

From the other end of the horse The Gatenik has learned that for this wonderful deed on behalf of the democratic workers of the world the General-Commander has been awarded the Urinal Order of Merit with Drop-Bun cluster.



Clock Tells Story Onward to Victory

The stirring events of the last few weeks have finally been brought to their glorious conclusion, and it is now the honor of this paper to report to its avid fans that The Party is now in control of the affairs of this University.

We are happy to announce that we have received word from the Party Shrine in Moscow that we may go ahead and arrange accidental deaths for any and all professors at this University, and that they will be replaced as quickly as exterminated by the central bureau for the replacement of Missing Persons.

No report is necessary on the events of the past week, so we will be only too glad to give a comprehensive survey elsewhere on our pages.

The week was completed after a slow beginning on Monday when it was possible to eradicate a measly 75 Democratic students, but after this things picked up and in the second day some 200 of the lowly fascist imperialist war-mongering dogs met with accidental death. In the third day the problem was ironed out nicely when the general army command lent us a machine-gun

(Continued on Page 2)
See Revolution . . .

Russian Lectures Crowded At U

Snowwhite U.—We are pleased to report that the number of cultured citizens who have begun the study of Russian seriously increased greatly during the past term. The main reason for this sudden spurt of loyalty, our correspondent informs us, is the wonderful effect on the people of the missionary work now being carried on in many parts of the world—chiefly Korea. The organization is thankful for the aid being rendered by the motherhouse in Belgrade.

An intensive financial campaign is being carried on among the students who are eager to donate of their pitances. A unique idea has been borrowed from the raffles that used to be held before automobiles were reserved for state business: in order to keep out of the northern uranium mines, the students donate for The Cause and receive in return tickets which are drawn from a vodka vat. Those whose numbers are selected are given a girl, a bottle of the purest vodka, and directions for recreation for the good of the state.

THE CREED OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

¾.h nbvex zasdf. Ghjkl ;½P: %
¾oiuy trew. Q236" 4758& —0'—9
||\$%/&c. QWERT ?MNBV POIU.
YASDF GZXC VBJKLM. (This is to be repeated each time you pass the Students' Union Building, headquarters of the republic, and remember it is a law that you must walk on your hands and knees while passing by this hallowed building.)

Cover Thy Head - - - The Party-Line By A. Littleton

I wish to draw attention to the narrow-mindedness and ignorance displayed by Lorne Calhoun in nibbling away at the meaningful content of Ted Kemp's article "The Old Army Game".

If this Lorne Calhoun prides himself on being a good Christian and a Democrat, then why doesn't he try to act accordingly. Doesn't he know that judging from one point of view or that sentences taken out of context give an altogether different meaning than intended by the context. Actually, Calhoun hasn't an inch of solid ground to stand on, for he is ignorant of basic facts about the moving forces around him. He just parrots the lies and distorted information that is so subtly dinned into his consciousness by a prejudiced press, radio or pulpit.

In his credulity he thinks that these authorities are veritable impeccable authorities. A skilled dialectician can argue with reason but in the abstract. An argument without any real or practical foundation.

If Calhoun had any decency he would be wise to do some sober and impartial research, and he couldn't overlook some facts, e.g. the myth about Russian Aggression. That this is a black lie fabricated by the fascist imperialist warmongers is as old as the hills, and needs no further comment. If Calhoun had made a thorough study of Russia past and present, he would readily see that ever since 1917 the capitalist world was out to crush socialism. The civil war of 1918-1921, World War II, when

that wolf in sheep's clothing, the Pope, gave his henchmen, Hitler included, the go-ahead to attack the millions of innocent people, who never had time to think of war.

Today that same old wolf has given the word to the U.S., and they are making an H-bomb to again start the slaughter of innocent people who crave peace and international brotherhood. It is even absurd to think that after the utter devastations of 1918-1921 and again in 1941-1945 that Russia wants war. Furthermore, the very nature of a socialist economy repudiates war, whereas capitalism must have war to thrive.

Therefore, since Russia knows that someone is going to attack, it is only fair and natural that she keep a loaded gun behind the door. Korea and China are glaring examples of the necessity of war to keep us in prosperity.

How blind can one be, then, to deny that no external threat exists, that there is no moral obligation to arm except for aggression, and with social insecurity increasing to offer security to the educated ones so that they don't cater to the discontented and downtrodden ones.

The need is obvious for a scapegoat for the warmongers to put the blame on some illusion so as to take the public attention away from

(Continued on Page 2)

THE GATENIK

Red Star Edition

Published without the authority of anyone once per year. We guarantee that if your name is mentioned in our columns you will not live long enough to bring suit. Not that we don't need suits, but we get our burlap edition from the commissary once every five years, and we're happy.

Editorial Staff

Chief Commissar comrade Editor-in-Chief.....Newcomovitch
Assistant Chief Commissar comrade Editor.....Wilkinsky
Sub-Assistant Chief Commissar comrade News Editor.....McPheechuk
Vice Sub-Assistant Chief Commissar comrade Editor.....McDonalovitch

You Should Live So Long

Seriously speaking for a moment, something which I hope I may never again be accused of in this column, a word is necessary here about changes in policy which will coincide with the change in editors.

In the thirty odd years in which The Gateway has continuously published many men who were destined to become leaders in their fields have held the post of Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway. Perhaps it is too early to say that James S. Woods will join this illustrious few, but certainly not too early to say that he should.

Jim found the paper at a low ebb of its thirty year career and yet built it up in a period of a few months to what we seriously believe to be perhaps one of the higher points of its life. It was only through an untiring effort on his part that you are now able to read the pages of The Gateway. This paper would now be a memory if he hadn't volunteered his organizing ability, or more correctly his organizing genius. There is very little we could say that could be more heartfelt and sincere than, "Thanks, Jim, and Good Luck".

With the passing of one Editor it remains the unenviable fact that someone else must take his place. After calling for nominations for the position in the columns of the paper for two weeks, Students' Council, using that brilliant judgment and insight which is characteristic of that august body, appointed the new editor. (I was the only one who applied, they had very little choice in the matter.) With a Godspeed they threw the hot potato into my lap, and then ducked back into the cigarette smoke to discuss the possibility of banning The Gateway for the Engineers' Edition which we will print.

The upward shift leaves some junior positions open, and these will be filled one at a time by available manpower. The only junior appointment so far confirmed is that of John McPhee who has moved from News Editor to City Editor.

This moving up all along the line leaves big holes lower down, but then this is no change because The Gateway has always had big holes lower down. We do need several volunteers to become big heels—I mean wheels—in the campus organization. I would especially beg the Engineers to put their best gear (who walks these days) forward and get a man on our staff.

There will be no joy in the Faculty of Law when they find out that they haven't a single member on the staff of The Gateway. This is something of a record because in past years Law has provided at least one senior editor. Law is definitely on the wane as the power faculty on this campus.

To those of you who have so kindly criticized me before I even began (notably Gregory "Rattoff" Forsyth), I say:

BOO TO YOU!

COVER THY HEAD

(Continued from Page 1)

causes under our very noses. Ted Kemp does not play with words, his meaning of security is obvious.

That Russia has six armies in Eastern Germany is another lie. Why even the Edmonton Journal a few weeks ago said that she had no army there. If she still has none, and knows that America is preparing for attack, I don't know what she's waiting for.

Remember that in 1945 at the U.N. conference, the Soviets asked for an international committee to investigate living conditions in every country. The U.S., Britain, France and company refused. Why?

As far as doing something to support our own way of life is concerned, Ted Kemp is at least striving to support a social system that is based on Christian brotherhood which has already dawned, while Calhoun even retards human progress from the ultimate goal of "A kingdom on earth as it is in Heaven".

Such narrow-minded nibblings in which Calhoun delights display an ignorance which ranks to high heaven. So Cover Thy Head, O Dark One, and humbly search for the truth lest ye be judged as ye judge others.

RED LETTER DAY

FILTHY CAPITALIST

Editor, The Gatenik.

Dear Sir:

January is here once again and with it comes icy winter blasts and the fearful forebodings that shake the very core of my and, I am sure, those of a good many more mothers, soul. Yes, I refer to the policy of The Gateway in former years. Please, no more Gatniks or Engineers' editions!

For more than twenty years I have sheltered Junior (in his third year Education) from the merciless blasts of the lurid fiction and illustrations in the periodicals I subscribe to, the shocking drawings on the walls of men's "rest" rooms, the talk of the boys in the "back room", and all the indecencies which our "higher" arts regurgitate forth upon the public with alarming regularity. In short, I have sheltered Junior from the cold, stark facts of life.

You can see, then, why I object most strenuously to the above-mentioned publications. If these are again published the long hard years of a mother's sheltering and care will have been to naught! A boy's dreams will be shattered with disillusionment! The flower and budding of my son's manhood will become wilted by the cruel, ugly head of sex! Egad, when Junior asks me for a baby brother, I'll no longer be able to send into the cabbage patch!

In closing, may I leave with you and your readers the timely motto of our club—"If we can't suppress SEX altogether, let's abolish it!"

Yours sincerely,
EMMA T. FRIGIDAIRE,
Vice-President, The Anti-Sex League, Local 101.

FASCIST PRIVILEGES

Editor, The Gatenik.

Dear Comrade:

Under the glorious new order, I have received many wonderful new benefits that I have never had before, such as the privilege of working twelve hours per day for the good of the people, burlap shirts, and the thrilling experience of going around barefoot in the winter. For all these many kindnesses I am grateful to our dear Uncle Joe. However, I have a complaint which I think should be made public.

The man who sleeps next to me but one on my mattress in the attic of the house has been receiving special privileges. He has two buttons on his canvas coat, one at the top and one at the bottom. The rest of us peasants, natchery, only have the customary single button in the middle. Such privileges are capitalistic and unfair, and I submit that this miserable, war-mongering, profit-hoarding, slave-driving, selfish, capitalistic rat should be sent to the salt mines as soon as possible.

Yours communally,
E. W. H. Mallavitch.

Patriots To Report Democratic Swine To Commissar

Serious as it may seem, there are still a few members of the decadent democratic students left on this campus!

Idiots! This will never do. If any one of the loyal student body should hear or see the slightest trace of free thinking or democracy being displayed, it should be immediately reported to the head office of Commissar for the Extermination of Democrats in the Peoples Republic Building.

PIN-UP OF THE WEEK

Dear Comrade:

Editor, The Gatenik.

We, the members of the Young People's Defense League, have nominated the writer of the article "On Beards" as our Pin-up Of The Week. He made many statements in a capitalist vein, and when you tell us his name we intend to pin him up by the throat.

Most serious, he declares that the wearers of beards have a sickening appearance. We have decided that this was a direct reference to our illustrious heroes Marx and Lenin and also to the glorious system of Free Love which followed the coming of the revolution.

In the article there is also oblique, dirty capitalist propaganda that the workers for the coming Day of the Worker have only the thought of living the life of Riley, being too lazy, as he said, to work for a living.

We find the reference to the saving of money definitely against the policy of the People's Republic since, the State taking care of us from the cradle to the gibbet, there is no necessity of piling up principal.

Furthermore, the remark about poor people is sinister propaganda from the reactionary that himself is. It is designed to discredit our people's democracy in the eyes of the ignorant slaves working in the shipyards, electrical industries, railroads, factories, homes of the Sixty Rich, and on the docks.

Comrade, you will be doing service to the workers of the world if you will let us know the name of the capitalist spy who wrote that traitorous pack of lies.

In memory of Lenin,
Young People's Defense League,
per Knott Gallowsetropeskie.

BACKSLIDERS WARNED

Editor, The Gatenik.

Dear Comrade:

I am the Commissar in charge of the Public Book-burning to be held in front of the Arts Building Saturday night. In this capacity I have been affronted by numerous students who insist on withholding literature from this gala event.

I only wish to remind students that the price of withholding material will be that they themselves will be thrown in the conflagration. I feel that this is too easy a death for these capitalist dogs, and would suggest that since flame is red that the color be changed to purple as suggestive of democracy.

Commissar of Book-Burning.

MALCONTENT

Editor, The Gatenik.

Dear Fellow-worker:

I do not dare to sign my name to this letter, of course, but I have a slight complaint to make.

As you know, the residents of the glorious people's boarding houses use the same bathwater on Saturday night in order to save gas for the heater, as this gas is needed to heat the mansions of our beloved Commissar Empk and his fellow leaders. However, for four months now the fellow just ahead of me has also been washing his socks in this water, instead of just hanging them on the line to air, as we are supposed to do.

Is there no way such injustices can be stopped?? I suggest you start a campaign in the columns of your rag against such public nuisances.

Yours for the cause,
L. Rae Samol.

Revolution Concludes In Glorious Finale

(Continued from Page 1)

with which many more accidental deaths were arranged.

Since Wednesday, however, things have been going from bad to worse as students have been gradually persuaded by the friendship and amnesty order of Wednesday morning from the Commissar O'Byrneovitch's office that they will be treated with kindness and consideration when they come out of their miserable cellars and dingy cottages in Edmonton's slum district of the West End.

On Thursday afternoon it was announced that the registration of students for the new students Soviet was at a new low of twenty-seven students. More trouble is seen in the passing of a budget, but since our new constitution does not require a quorum this difficulty should be readily overcome.

Since operations have proved so successful in Albertnick, rumors are flying, accompanied by flocks of sparrows, pigeons and a flight of flies, that war is about to be waged on the U.S.

In a press conference at noon today, People's Republic time, the Commissar stated that the army has been alerted and that both men will be ready on a moment's notice.

"This is the last and final insult from the U.S.," declared the Commissar, thumping his red desk with the Minister of War.

When asked what the insult was, he mouthed that the U.S. had arrested two People's Republic men on charges of stealing a formula for a fountain pen which would write under borscht.

"Vot are your plans for the War?" nobody in particular asked.

The Commissar, his Red face glowing, looked thoughtfully at the ceiling through his plastic eye. The ceiling stared right back. He then dropped his eyes modestly to the floor. The Minister of War picked them up and handed them to him. Score 25-4 at the end of the second quarter, no penalties.

"Invasion will take place everywhere. Our army will be dressed in babooshkas, ankle-length, box-type maroon coatnicks and high rubber boots. Thus looking like all other people in the U.S."

(Continued on page 6)

I Was Only Fooling Declares McCarthy

Washington (CUP).—Senator Josef McCarthy became Commissar of this district today in a surprise move.

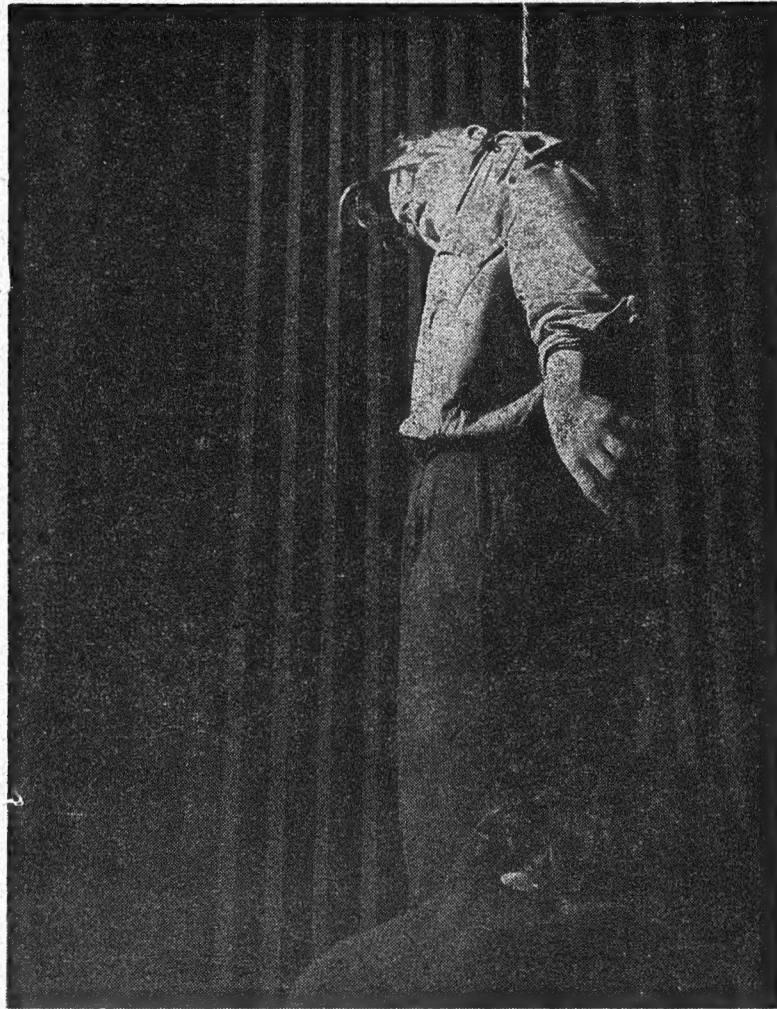
In a prepared statement, Senator McCarthy told newspapermen that he had been in the pay of Comrade Stalin for two years.

When asked about his reputation-smashing, groundless attacks on many individuals, the Senator replied: "I was fooling everybody. It was a joke. Ha! ha!"

STOP-PRESS

Humphrey falls into hands of brutal anti-democratic capitalists. Plane loses rudder, unavoidably flies to Warmonger zone of Germany. Radio message to the Democratic People of the World before crashing reads: Long Live Comrade Stalin Roger And Over.

A sundial in the form of an axe in a log, the symbol of Scout leadership training, has been presented to the Boy Scout of America by Lord Rowallan, Chief Scout of the British Commonwealth, to mark the 40th anniversary of Scouting in the United States.



Capitalist's Last Memento Before Extermination

My name is Cyril R. Sweetcream, and I am sitting at my desk in the UB for the last time, writing a story for posterity. As soon as I am finished, I shall put this piece of paper into a wallet which I have saved as a memento of the glorious days under Capitalism, Andy, and the Prophetic B.I. (In case any of my younger readers don't know what wallets are, I might add that in the days before the revolution, when people had money of their own, it was the custom to carry it around in the pocket in a flat leather pack called a wallet.)

In a few minutes, the People's Army will arrive and take me away to be exterminated. Before they arrive, I intend to throw my wallet into the wastebasket, whence it will go by a devious route to the city dump. It is my hope that it will be found there by someone who will preserve this, my swan song, until the People's Army is destroyed and the capitalists return to power.

My crime, in the days before the conflagration, would have been entirely overlooked. However, under the new order it is a heinous one, one for which I shall presently be liquidated. In a moment of carelessness, I rolled, smoked, and butted, a cigarette (made out of coffee grounds, as there has been no tobacco in the country since Commissar Empk took over) and forgot to fill out form No. A275G32, for the foreman in Charge of Personal Activities and Leisure Periods.

In a few moments I shall be taken to the former Caf, which is now The People's Communal Beanery and cabiperative, and there I shall be asked to drink a cup of Caf coffee, the modern equivalent of Socrates' Goblet of Hemlock.

This, then, is farewell. Farewell to blue skies, diamond socks, bright red pants and tartan dinner jackets. Farewell to cigarettes, whuskey, and wild, wild women. Farewell to beards, crew-cuts, peroxide blondes,

Comrades Seek Inspirational Sport

Compulsory Games

By Comrade Marshrat V. Vliech

In the unforeseen absence of the capitalistic traitor who previously laid words in the corner of this paper, here are a few miscellaneous notes on what were known under the Anti-Democratic Warmonger Regime as Sports.

Comrade Stalin's Inspiration

Although only 74 years of age, our glorious Comrade Stalin, the Great Bushy-One, has provided us mortals with a democratic example in health.

The Comrade RAN from the Exalted Bedchamber to the People's Washroom this morning.

Official explanation was "weak kidneys". But this writer has inside information that Comrade Stalin wished to inspire the People's Track and Field Teams to greater efforts.

Cofmade Stalin's Perspiration

Baths in ice-cold water have been prescribed by the People's Physicians for Comrade Stalin. The Comrade has recently been suffering from excess perspiration.

Your C.G. Editor asks all true Snowwhiters to indulge in this novel game. Cold baths EVERY morning! Sweat is anti-democratic.

Comrade Stalin's Constipation

If your children have to . . . TAKE . . . something to keep regular . . . try Red Star Pills. Our motto: A pill for a pill.

and girls with wigs. Farewell to bebop, Spike Jones, cowboys with cramps, and The Thing. Farewell to wine, women, song, women, and the female sex. Farewell to capitalism!

Records Smashed In Week's Activity

Production records have been broken by the dozens this week, and all records which were not shattered in the past seven days are expected to fall momentarily.

The first record broken, of course, was that for accidental deaths. There were some 3,000 reported in the last 72 hours. Next more important record was that of the production of shoelaces (for free distribution to beggars on downtown streets for sale by them to the proletariat at the rate of 34c each). This grand accomplishment assures the continued use of the parliament buildings by the Glorious Red Army.

The rent paid by the Glorious Red Army to the People's Republic was set last week at an equal amount to that collected by the beggar at the corner of 101st and Jasper Ave., the corner of 101 St. and Jasper Ave. its beneficence should be fully appreciated by the members of the student body.

Third Record to fall was that for "Inventions - made - or - discovered - by - Russians - before - anyone - else - ever - thought - of - them." It is our glorious duty to announce to the idiots and warmongers of the Western World that at last we have discovered that a song, sung by Russians as they marched to battle in the revolution of 1921-1923, were the theme of that supposedly Democratic epic, "The Thing".

It is with the greatest of pleasure that we announce the birth of the first baby under the new regime.

It is with regret that we announce the death of the first baby born under the new regime. He met with accidental death as he stood before a machine-gun which just happened to be firing. He was accused of subversive popaganda. His first words to the world were Gooooooo Gooooooo, and of course everyone knows that Goooo Gooo stands for Hoorah for Truman.

Agriculture (all courses): New text, "How to Plow the Straight and Narrow Furrow."

The Gatenik is a better newspaper.

Party Hails Writers

Admentan local cell of the Party is pleased to report to the International on the activity of some of the more eminent (if such a word can be used to describe the comrades here) writers in the cell.

Comrades Empk and Smallvillage have each written recently. Comrade Empk's article appeared in a journal of Snowwhite U. The beautifully vicious and typically party line article of Comrade Smallvillage has not yet appeared, but we are praying to the Divine Stalin that it will soon do so.

Of the two, Comrade Smallvillage's article is much more interesting and will arouse more comment while proving that the Western democracies are attempting to drive their innocent workers into a bloody war. This would allow them to make immense profits which would be taken from them to buy arms and pay for their gangster troops who would require more arms which the profiteers would make to make profit which the government would take away to pay for what had been purchased for their armies. . . .

Commissar Wood Prepares Book

Comrade Bill Wood, who was recently appointed Commissar of Art and Literature, has announced to The Gatenik that he is making his headquarters at Lake Olga (formerly Lake Louise).

A number of assistants chosen at the Miss Winnipeg competitions last year are employed in his commissariat. The comrade announced that anyone disturbing his work will be shaven with the blade from a bulldozed.

A noted author and authority on beards, Comrade Wood will concentrate on growing his for the greater glory of the Soviet of Albert-nika.

Pierre Rabininsky Winner, Gets Rasputin Scholarship

Snowwhite's Rasputin scholar for 1951 is Comrade Pierre Rabininsky, son (netcherly) of Stalin and the Mother Soviet, Lethgrad.

Commencing in the fall of 1951 Pierre, who is studying the Russian Masters of Literature, Marx (recently naturalized), Lenin, Trotzky (phui!), and Stalin, will take up residence at Leningrad. He entered the University of Snowwhite after writing a brilliant essay on the need of the people for communism, and has since had no trouble in his exams.

He won the Bulgarian government's book prize (Russian in Ten Thousand Impossible Lessons) for his essay on Stalin in the Russian language.

While an undergraduate he was active in the He Hew Hess, society of the soviet of the Third Sex, and was also an excellent horseman, serving with the Third Cavalry (on mules).

Outside of class and other peaceful pursuits, Pierre was editor of the great magazine of culture and enlightenment, Stat.

Capitalist Team Play Lead Bears

Lead Bears hockey team will play the "Ugh" Oil Commissars Hockey team on Saturday Night in the Varsity Rink. The game is scheduled for some time in the evening, but since the new People's Republic does not recognize the ancient and Imperialist terms morning, evening and night, "Sun never sets on the Ugh British Empire" and all that kind of rot, we only wish to advise peasants and proletariat that the game will take place.

Yust Come In

See The New Articles At

Harry Singerbachnick

Red Underwear with trap door for back sliders

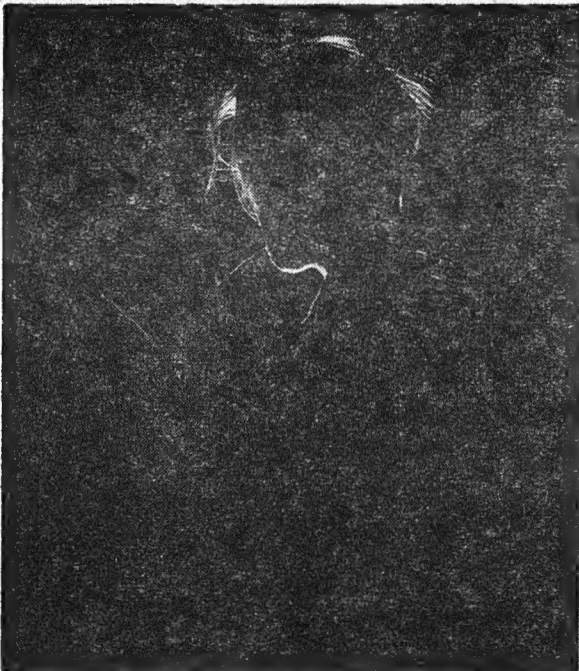
Hand-painted ties with picture of Stalin

Genuine handle-bar mustaches

Ox-blood shoes with free shine for those who attend purges

ALL GUARANTEED TO LAST AS LONG AS

THE REPUBLIC



Chief Commissarr Here To Assume New Duties

The Commissar has arrived in Admontion and has courteously deigned to live in a filthy capitalistic shack at 67 St. Gregor's Crescent.

The commissar has had a long life-time in the Party. At the age of six months he thrilled his parents by announcing, "Down with the enslaving, murdering, lying, distorting, warmongering, scapegoating, profiteering, capitalistic Wall Street bourgeoisie Christian-Democrats."

As a result of this interest in the enslaved workers the commissar, at the age of eight months, was sent to the HEROES OF THE SOVIET democratic military school. Here he graduated first in the class in Political Religion. One of his more brilliant ideas was the immortalizing of Stalin as god of the People's Democracies.

When his parents decided to skip one-half day's work in the salt mines he reported them to his cell leader in the Soviet Young Infants' Democratic League. For such selfless patriotism he was drafted by the State, while his parents (who it was decided, were just taking time off to celebrate their anniversary of Free Love) were given, as a State anniversary present, a free trip to the Siberian winter resorts.

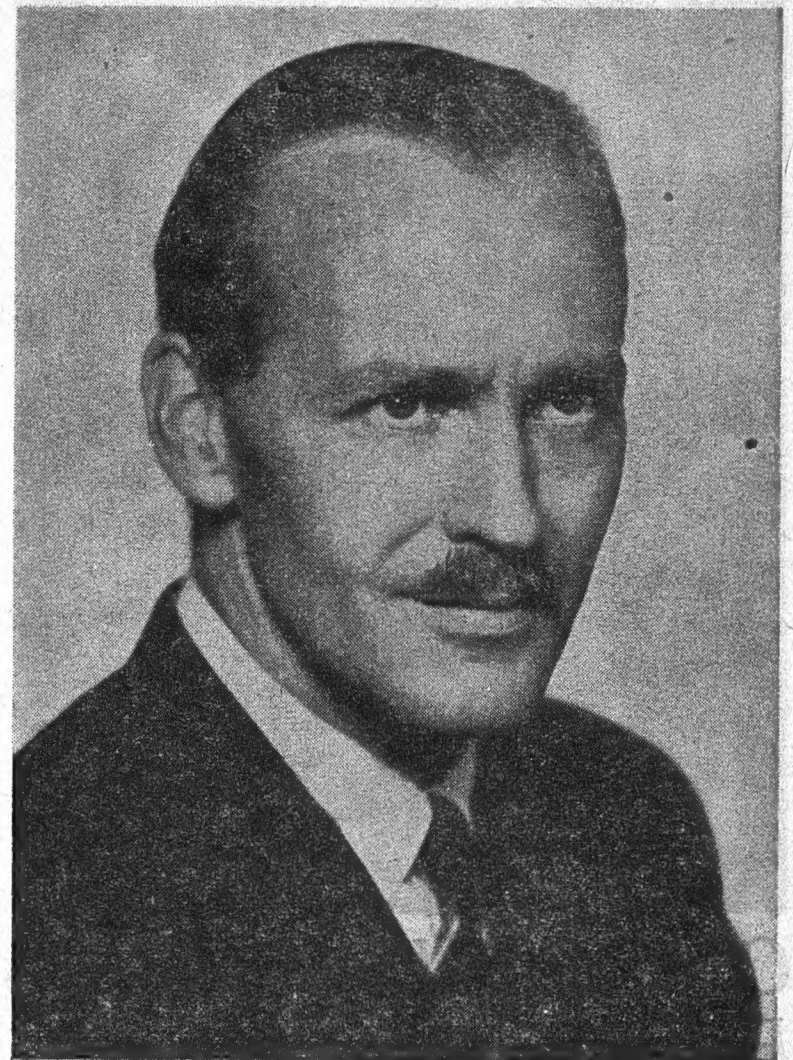
The commissar advanced rapidly in the service of the workers.

With such a distinguished record behind him we are proud to welcome the commissar. He has promised to wipe out all the social injustices on the campus of the University of Albertnika.

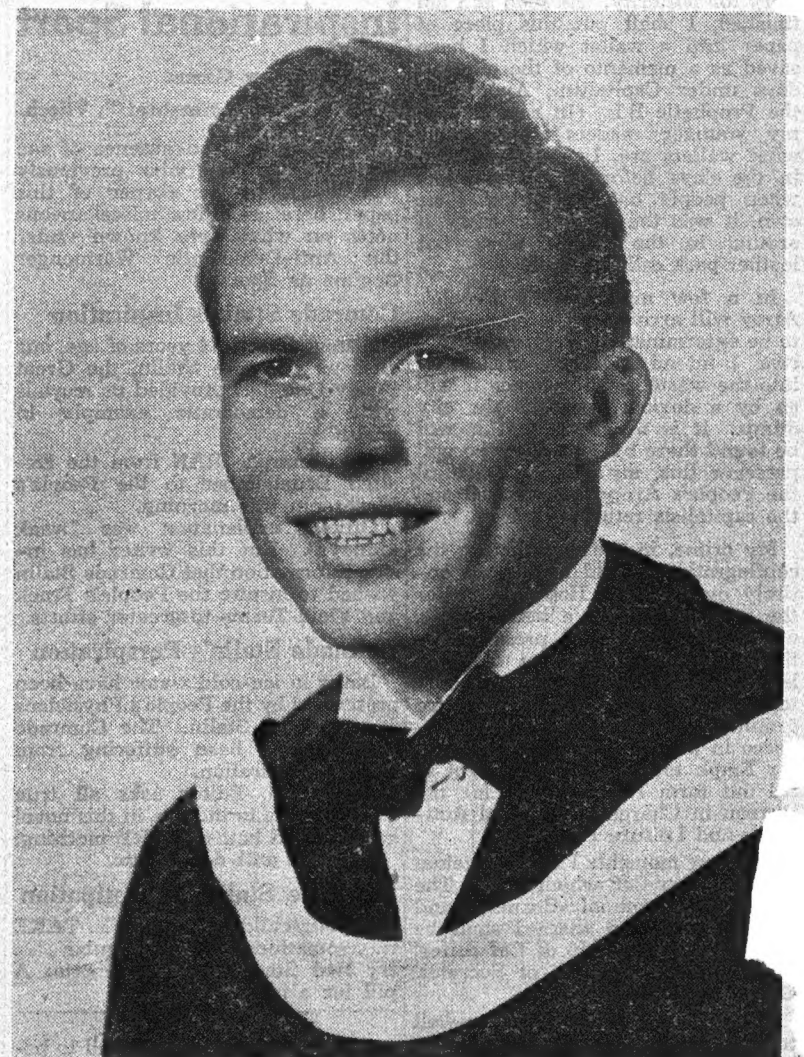
First on his list of social improvements is the confiscation of all cars not being used to further social conditions, education, indoctrination, and free love.

All education students who withstood the purge by Comrade Empk are to be awarded the ORDER OF THE STAR OF THE THIRD SEX. The capitalistic fiscost swine caught in the purge are to be used in demonstration classes in the SCHOOL OF MINES (anti-personnel).

Public Enemies



No. 1



No. 2

OTC OF PRA

(People's Republican Army)

URGES YOU
TO
JOIN NOW

CANDIDATES NEEDED IN FOLLOWING BRANCHES:

1. Firing Squads
2. Hangman's Assistants
3. Military and Secret Police
4. Questioners
5. Propaganda Branch

JOIN NOW
OR
BE CONSCRIPTED LATER